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ABSTRACT

This collection of adult student writing is the product of a literacy education project in Pennsylvania. Contributors to the volume were adult students in Adult Basic Education (ABE), General Education Development (GED), English as a Second Language (ESL), and basic literacy classes. The adults who participated in this writing project were encouraged to adopt a write-for-life philosophy, using writing to enhance their own personal growth and development as well as the well-being of their families and communities. The anthology contains both poetry and prose selections written mainly by persons who had been educationally disadvantaged and now were helping themselves by improving their basic skills in adult education/basic literacy programs throughout Pennsylvania. (KC)

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Our Words, Our Voices, Our Worlds

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Selected Poetry and Prose by Pennsylvania's Adult Basic Education Students

Our Words,
Our Voices,
Our Worlds

An Anthology of Selected Poetry and Prose
by Adult Education Students
Enrolled in ABE, GED, ESL, and Basic Literacy
Programs Sponsored by the
Pennsylvania Department of Education

USDE/PDE/ LIU Disclaimer

This anthology of adult student writing is a result of a project supported in whole or in part by the U.S. Deparment of Education and the Pennsylvania Department of Education. The opinions expressed herein, however, do not necessarily reflect the position or policy of the U.S. Department of Education or the Pennsylvania Department of Education, and no official endorsement should be inferred. Likewise, although this anthology project was conducted by the Lincoln Intermediate Unit No. 12, the opinions expressed by the adult students do not necessarily reflect the position or policy of the Lincoln Intermediate Unit No. 12, and no official endorsement should be inferred.

PREFACE

This collection of adult student writing is the product of Section 310 1984-85 Project No. 98-5013, "Publishing an Anthology of Adult Student Writing: A Partnership for Literacy," conducted by the Lincoln Intermediate Unit No. 12 and funded by the Pennsylvania Department of Education. ABE (Adult Basic Education), GED (General Educational Development), ESL (English as a Second Language), and Basic Literacy students perform academically over a broad range, from beginning readers and writers to brush-up and advanced levels. The adults who participated in this writing project were encouraged to adopt a Write-for-Life philosophy, using writing to enhance their own personal growth and development as well as the well-being of their families and communities. Write-for-Life advocates believe that daily writing activities can help make all of us better thinkers, learners, and writers.

Readers of this anthology need to understand that these writers are typically adults who have been educationally disadvantaged and are now taking advantage of the opportunity to help themselves by improving their basic skills in adult education/basic literacy programs throughout Pennsylvania.

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WHO AM I?

I am the sun, gold and smiling.
Sometimes I'm the moon, one light in the dark.
One day I may be a cloud, all light and airy;
Another day I will be the rain, cold and unfeeling.
When I'm the wind I blow off hot air.
Who am I?

I am one person - one of many, but
I am different from anyone else.
I am myself.

Penny Leiphart
Wrightsville

Ed. note: Penny Leiphart provided the illustrations which appear throughout this anthology.

SHELMADINE SPRING

There is a place called Shelmadine.
I used to go there all the time
To sit along the bubbling spring
And listen to the blue birds sing.
I'd wonder why the world couldn't be
As peaceful as it was here for me.
No hustle and bustle, just quiet and calm,
A place to relax and enjoy the birds' song.
I will always remember the wonderful things
I used to see by the Shelmadine Spring.

Colleen Gail Patterson
Titusville

WRITER'S BLOCK

Here I sit, weak and weary
Pondering over a poem so dreary

And I rack my brain and mind
And find I have so little time

And so here I sit, and sit, and wait
But nothing comes to mind so late

For I'm a man born and bred full
To write other things not so dreadful.

Michael Maginnis
Titusville

HOME STEEL HOME

My home is one hell of a headache
A place of steel and stone
An iron cell, a home of hell
And here I sit alone.

For one small crime I pay with time
Where lights glare day and night.
And though I rage and pace my cage,
I still must stay and pay.

My home in hell is one small cell
That no man wants to own.
My body cramps with cold and damp
And chills me to the bone.

It somehow seems that all my dreams
Must wait for a new tomorrow.
My days are filled with misery's tears,
My nights are filled with sorrow.

But don't be sad; it's not so bad,
Cause I hide it well within.
No trace outside, it's deep inside
What my trip through hell has been.

John Myers
Mercer

TOO COLD

It was cold that day. I could feel the wind shaking the house, but she wanted to go outside. "Are you out of your mind?" I said. "It's too cold. We will freeze out there."

Kim wouldn't listen. She went and got all we would need: our coats, hats, gloves, boots and sleds. Handing me my things, Kim put everything else near the door. I watched Kim put on her coat and things. She snapped and zipped from head to toe, and she made sure that she had tucked her pants inside her boots. "Whew!" I was hot just watching her.

"Well," she said as she stood up straight to look at me, "come on," and she opened the front door.

Carrying her sled, she went outside. After watching her, I put on all my things, got my sled, and followed.

As I stepped outside, the wind was moving, heaving branches filled with snow. Kim was in the back waiting for me on the big hill.

Two and a half hours later we came in, both soaked to the bone. Putting on warmer and dryer clothes, Kim and I sat in the kitchen drinking the hot chocolate Mom had put out for us. I looked at Kim and smiled, saying, "You were right. It was fun."

And Kim said, "You are the one that was right. It was cold out there."

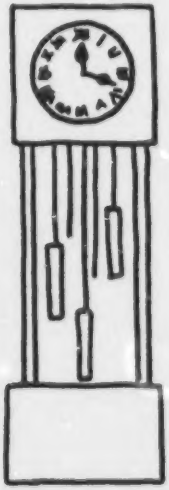
And it was then that we realized that it is possible for both sisters to be right about something.

Kerry Ann Williams
Pittsburgh

THE SAMPLER

A sampler hangs in the kitchen
Where I stand today.
Each tiny stitch was sewn by hand,
Each word on the sampler was done with care,
Each flower was done with love,
Each memory was one of me.
Such memories I have never known
That through her sampler the little
girl gave to me.
Such love I have never known
As I glimpsed where I stand today.

Susan Son
Allentown



MY LITTLE GIRL

This is my little girl that I held
in my arms for the first time
This is my little girl that I fed
with a spoon for the first time
This is my little girl that took
her first drink from her bottle
This is my little girl that I love
This is my little girl that when
she is hurting I feel the pain
This is my little girl that when she
needs me I am there

This is my little girl that is gone
so far away from me
This is my little girl that I
would fight for
This is my little girl that cries
on my shoulder
This is my little girl that is
saying mommy I need you
This is my little girl that shows
me she loves me
Here is my little girl growing up
to be a young lady
She is mine
This is my little girl that shows
me her last smile
This is my little girl that is gone
away from me forever
This is God's new little girl
Still this is my little girl that
I love and always will remember
This is God's little girl and mine
This little girl will always live
in me

Helen White
Philadelphia

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

My Country 'tis of thee....
  A different man I'll always be
One year's hurt has dug inside
  I've lost my heart
  I have no pride
I seem so different NOW----
  uncontrolled, out of hand
Torn in war - from an Asian land
My family is gone now
I search for "other means"
Help me dear Lord -
  if you can
Give me back my un-raped dreams.

Jim Groves
Uniontown

I

I am a loving person, and I like to be loved. I am honest, and I like honest people. I am not very outspoken. I am a bit shy with strangers because I am always afraid I will hurt them by saying the wrong thing. But I love people.

I have a strong religious belief and belong to the Episcopal faith. I go to church often.

I enjoy West Indian cooking, singing, and, when the weather is good, I enjoy being outdoors. I love to dress up and look nice. I don't get angry easily, but, when I do, I am very angry.

I feel that I am slow doing things. I do not like it, but that's the way I am. I enjoy going to school, but I am a slow learner. It bothers me a little. But my teacher is nice, so I believe, with a good teacher and God's help, someday I will make it.

Choleen Greene
Philadelphia

I LOVE YOU

I love you more than the stars
in the sky.
I love you more than all the daisies
in a meadow.
I love you more than the mountains
are high.
I love you more than the warm
sunshine.
I love you more than all the
beauty of a forest.
I love you more than I could
ever say.
I love you so much, my heart
never rests.
I love you so much, I always
want you to stay.
I love you so much, that's all
I can say.

Debra K. Hamilton
Titusville

GREED

the most prejudiced person
in america is the white man
the indians were here
you got a different color of skin
we're going to take away your land
and they did

the africans came here
you got a different color skin
we're going to make you our slaves
and they did

the puerto ricans and mexicans came here
you got a different color skin
we're going to make you work
for 90¢ an hour
and they did

and they do
and they will continue to do so
as long as prejudiced
minds of men
and greed exist

E. D. Murphy
Pittsburgh

ROSES

Red ones, they say, are for love.
White ones, they say, are not.
The pink ones are somewhere in between,
Although some have forgot.

Each one is special,
Like the people you give them to.
And, if they want rainbow colors,
You can even get them in blue.

Each has its own beauty,
None more than another.
But always save the special ones
For your very own mother.

Tracy Gilson
Titusville

18

I FOUND A FRIEND

I found a friend in Jesus.
I know He's always there.
I've got to share this feeling.
Do you have a minute, are you going somewhere?

This man died to save our souls,
Died for all those sins untold.
He hung on the cross as He bled for us.
Tell me, my friend, in Him would you trust?

Just before that man did die,
He said, "In three days, I will arise."
They took him off the cross that day,
Whipped and beaten, they took Him away.

Put the stone to seal the tomb.
Satan thought our Christ was doomed,
But Jesus arose and took the keys.
The Father said, "My Son, I am pleased."

Daniel P. Christman
Huntingdon

DEAR MOTHER

Dear Mother,

We asked the Lord to comfort us
As we thought of you today.
He said, "I will comfort you,
And lift your cares away."

And then we remembered
Happy times we had shared,
All the trials and testing,
And how much you cared.

You didn't ask for riches,
But gave us wealth untold,
A heart filled with love,
So precious to behold.

Thank you! Dear Mother,
For that special glimpse of Him,
As the gates of Heaven open,
And His arms draw you within.

Yes, the Lord did comfort us,
As we thought of you today,
For He always keeps His promises,
In His own special, loving way.

Love,

Your Daughter

Lourene A. Stoops
Waynesboro

CHANGES

John was waiting, looking at the news.

Gail came in and said, "John, I am home."

John then said, out loud, "In the living room, Gail."

Gail then asked, "Where are the kids?"

John replied, "I don't know."

Gail said, "John, let's talk about my job. I've been working for the last ten years in the dye factory, and, for the first time, I need a change."

John said, "Gail, are you losing your mind?"

"No, John."

Gail continued to talk about making a change.

John then said, "What will you do?"

"I want to go to school."

"School can't bring in money."

Gail said, "Look, John, I've been in the dye factory for ten years and coming home and doing the same thing every night. I want something else for myself. Can you understand that?"

John just sat for a few minutes and said, "I think I do understand."

Helen White
Philadelphia

THE RAPE

This is a story about Kim Smith. It took place in Central Park in New York City.

As Kim was walking, in the park, a tall man came up to her. He wanted to know how to get to 125th Street and Central Avenue. As she came closer to show him how to get there, the man grabbed her and dragged her into some bushes. Kim tried to get away, but the man hit her, knocked her down and tore her blouse. He put one hand over her mouth, and he had a knife in the other hand. The man told Kim that he would kill her if she made a sound. The man left Kim too hurt to even try to get up.

Sometime later, a couple came along and found Kim. They took her to a doctor who checked her and called the police. By the time the police came, Kim was frightened and would not talk to them. The doctor released her and sent her home.

Three days went by. On the fourth day, Kim finally went outside. As she walked down her street, she saw the man who had raped her. She ran across the street to where a policeman was standing. She told him that the man who had raped her in the park was across the street.

The policeman called to the man. The man started to run. The policeman chased tha man, caught him, and took him off to jail.

Kim had to go to the police station and tell what had happened in the park.

Now she can sleep better at night because she knows for sure that he is in jail for a long time.

Flora Ross
Uniontown

STOCK CAR RACING

Stock car races are lots of fun,
around the track in the evening sun.
Time trials start the evening right,
as a new track record is set tonight.
The first heat starts as the green drops;
the driver shifts gears, and his heart almost stops.
One lap down, no one spins;
now he has an ear-to-ear grin.
The heats are finally over, the
feature starts late, the heat race losers
head for the gate.
The drivers will pass all the cars they
can take, because in this race, the
money's at stake.
The winner here gets all the glory,
and, from this race,
He'll tell lots of stories.

Chris Sterling
Titusville

LOVE INSPIRED

I am like an African flower sprung up,

waiting for my love to call my name.

He calls my name so softly;

I render my love to him.

I cry, I cry night and day.

How long, how long

must I wait for my love

to come for me?

Sharon Hopkins
Philadelphia

FROM ITALY TO AMERICA— A NEW LIFE

Coming from a foreign country, it wasn't easy to adapt myself to the States. I couldn't speak the language, understand people and entertainment, or even read or write. I felt desperate, lonely and frustrated. I saw myself with no future and nothing to look forward to.

By evening I used to retire early to my room, thinking about Italy, my family, my people, and I used to cry myself to sleep. In the morning I felt more desperate than ever from bad dreams. In the dreams I would see a plane, my mother's sad eyes, and home. It was enough to make me wish I was never born.

Five years have passed, five years of struggling. I have learned to speak, to read, and to adapt. Most of all, I have learned that if you have willpower you can reach all of your goals.

Almost a year ago, I applied for GED classes. It was my first big step. Yes, I was afraid, but I knew something had to be done. It was a good feeling going to class, meeting interesting people, but most of all gaining more knowledge. When finally I graduated, I was proud. I had reached my goals with courage, and my heart was filled with joy. I knew then I couldn't stop just there. Now I'm enrolled in a two-year program at South Hills Business School. I'm taking Microcomputer Marketing Management.

It is not so easy. Sometimes I feel that I may never reach the end of it, but I keep going because I know that one day I will see the results of all my work. My life has completely changed since I stepped into this country, and I feel as if I'm a different person. If you have goals, don't just dream about them; make them come true. If I can do it, so can you. I send my gratitude to all the people for helping me. I know I couldn't have made it without them.

Silvana Marshall
Lewistown

ANOTHER PURPOSE IN LIVING

When we walked into the doctor's office that Saturday morning, my hopes were high, and I think my husband's were, too. The months of wondering would soon be coming to an end with just a "yes" or "no" from the doctor. This was the day we were to find out if children were possible for us.

The doctor very slowly began to discuss my x-rays. He took his time, explaining them in great detail, telling us that only by a great miracle could I ever bear a child. The doctor was kind, but my heart was breaking, and the whole world seemed to be coming to an end. I know my husband felt bad, too, but it seemed as if at that moment I was all alone. To think that we'd never have children, never have a tiny baby to hold in our arms, never kiss its hurts away, and never have the opportunity to watch it grow was too much to bear.

I had grown up with dreams of being a wife and mother someday. I had been the oldest child at home, and, of course, because our mother worked outside our home, I helped to care for my two youngest sisters and brother. When I was old enough, I would baby-sit to earn my extra money. So I kind of grew up around children.

Finally the tears came, and I cried most of the way home with my husband, John, trying to comfort me. At that moment, I became aware of how much I really loved him, for he was putting his disappointment aside to think of me and my hurt. What a good father he could be! He was such a gentle, kind, and soft-spoken man. Because he had a wonderful sense of humor, children seemed drawn to him, too.

With these thoughts of feeling sorry for myself, something else occurred to me. I suddenly realized that, because of me, our marriage would be childless. So once again, I felt useless and alone.

However, time passing has a unique way of healing our wounds and giving us a new perspective on life. I began to see that we just needed to have more faith and to trust God to open the door for our dreams to come true.

We began talking and making plans. We were going to adopt a baby and in another few years...who knows? We were happy with the prospect of becoming new parents and could hardly wait for the good news.

It turned out that we did not have to wait very long. One day I received a phone call, "...a little boy was born, he seems just right for you. When can you come to see him?"

"Now, right away," my heart said, but my voice answered, "Yes, this Saturday is fine."

Suddenly, I knew how it felt to be told for the first time, "You're the mother of a fine little boy." With tears of thanksgiving, I now had "Another Purpose in Living."

Lourene A. Stoops
Waynesboro

ME

Long, dark, lonely road-
I have been traveling
This long dark lonely road
  for many decades
Looking, hoping, praying
That someone will pass my way
Just to say Hello lonely
Stranger, may I walk
With you today?

Louise Brinson
Philadelphia

RAPE IS ALL OVER

Rape is pain
Rape is put on the mother
Rape is put on the sister
Rape is put on the daughter
Rape is put on the very young
Rape is put on the girls
Rape is put on the boys
Rape is put on the old

Rape is pain
Rape makes you hurt
Rape makes you cry
Rape makes you feel alone

Rape destroys your life
Rape destroys your family
Rape destroys your mind
Rape destroys and changes you

Rape can turn you off to men
Rape can kill you
Rape can blow your mind
Rape is pain

Rape will it end here
Rape in the street
Rape in the church
Rape in the school
Rape on the job
Rape can put you in a hole
Rape is pain

Helen White
Philadelphia

REMEMBERING

Sometime, a while ago,
I lived in Idaho.
I had myself a '60 Olds; it was so
pretty, of silver and gold.
I remember it was December, and
it was so cold with winter snow.
I went out to clean the snow off
my Olds.
To my surprise, it was stolen.
I asked my neighbors if they
Remembered the day in December
when someone stole my Olds
of silver and gold.

Faye Yvonne Steadman
Titusville

A FRIEND

A Friend is someone who cares about you

And loves you very much.

A Friend is someone you can count on

To talk with about your problems.

A Friend is someone you can trust.

A Friend is someone you can go to

When you need help.

A Friend is someone who is always there

To cry with when troubles come.

A Friend is someone who will always listen,

A Friend is

PRECIOUS

and

SPECIAL.

Paula Ann Scott
Uniontown

WORKING PAST THE FEAR

I started the GED course to get my diploma because I found it was necessary to have one to get a good job.

At first, when I applied for the GED program, I was afraid I wouldn't be accepted. Then, when I found out I was accepted, I was really excited and could hardly wait to get started.

I really enjoyed taking the course. I had helped my children with homework, but now someone was helping me. It felt good. Within a short time, I started recalling many things I had learned in school. With Carol's help I was ready for the GED test. When the time came, I passed all five parts, and I felt I had accomplished my goal.

When I found out I could get further training toward getting a job, I told Carol what I wanted to do. I called JTPA and was interviewed, filled out more papers, went for an interview at South Hills Business School, filled out more papers, took tests and was finally accepted.

Then the fear started. Could I keep up with younger people who hadn't been out of school as long as I? Could I keep up with my housework and homework? Was I deserting my family to go to school? What would I do when the roads were bad? I really had a lot of fears. I'm having a few more problems than most of the students, but I'm in there trying, and I really like it.

Atha Workinger
Lewistown

BIG BROTHER

Quiet steps of a girl child
While she walks on the ground.
She sits down, then she pouts.
Everything's gone that she found.
A little pup with long ears,
A furry ball that's lost,
A flower ring made of silk,
For all this, her heart it cost.

A laughing boy comes running up,
A puppy follows behind.
He walks up and says to her
"This was all I could find."
Her eyes gleamed and then they teared,
"I won't cry over spilled milk!"
He opened his hand and there it was,
The flower ring made of silk.

Brenda Osborne
Titusville

A POEM BASED ON "The Burning Bed"

She gave her vows "Till death do us part."
To have and to hold from that day on.
At the beginning his love was true,
But his jealous heart treated her cruel.
Drinking made him violent, always in a rage,
Bruises on her body for which she paid.
He possessed her body, mind, and soul.
He abused her for reasons God only knows.
She bore his children despite how she felt.
The children were raised to live through this hell.
The beatings were often, the kids cried,
They covered their ears, they would run and hide.
He abused her so much her mind just elapsed,
She knew someday her children would be next.
It was hard to believe he treated her that way,
If love has to hurt, why this ugly way?
For Christ said, "Forgive, turn the other cheek."
She knew he couldn't hurt her when he was asleep.
She lit the bed afire, turned and walked away.
For justice was served in a jurored way.
She was found innocent, but it's sorry to say,
She still has the scars to this day.

Brenda Lee Walker
Pittsburgh

A CHAIR

Do you think a chair just sits there? Well you're wrong.
It puts up with a lot through its life that prolongs.
It is used and abused and sometime renewed.
A chair comes in all shapes and sizes and colors too;
It may be round, orange, or even blue.
A chair is a handy device, for it is used by the husband, kids, and wife.
A chair not only sits there,
It puts up with a lot through its life and those things aren't always nice.
Children put gum on chairs, and cats and dogs leave their hair.
So, you see, a chair's life isn't so easy and nice,
Think when you go by a chair how really special it is as it just sits there.

Victoria L. Mickley
Waynesboro

LITIA'S WORLD

Litia had been a bastard child. Her mother was a part-time secretary and a part-time barmaid. She shared an apartment with her mother, two brothers, and a sister. The living quarters being small, it seemed the bigger her smaller brothers and sister got, the less room and privacy she had.

Eighteen year old Litia had only a high school education and knew there wasn't much opportunity for her. So, with menial jobs in mind, she went job hunting. On her first day Litia was lucky. She landed a job at the Floating Rib.

Now, the Floating Rib was not the best quality place to work. It did have its share of important people who looked after the place. But these people were not congressmen or any other high officials. They were thugs, pimps, pushers, and numbers runners.

Litia was working the night shift from 5 P.M. until closing, which was at one in the morning. During her first two days everything went all right, but the third day was extra special. A man came in, and not just any man. This man possessed grace, charm, charisma, and very good looks. But little did she know that Anthony Rome was a pimp.

They got into a conversation. The more he talked, the more she took to him. He offered her diamonds and furs and an easy way to make money. Litia, being naive, thought that this had to be paradise. Having Anthony as a lover was going to be the icing on the cake.

That night Litia went home, got her clothes, and told her mother that she had an apartment and was moving out. Her mother argued with her a bit, but seeing the determination in her daughter's eyes, let Litia go.

Tony met her at Rexall's Drugs on the corner, just as he said he would. They put Litia's belongings in the car and drove back to Tony's apartment.

The first two months of life with Tony were beautiful. They dined out, went disco dancing, went to all of the hottest clubs, and even went back to nature, going on picnics and making love in the park.

Then slowly things began to change. Tony started telling her that she had to quit the Floating Rib. He claimed it wasn't paying enough money to keep him in the style to which he was accustomed. Litia, being naive, readily agreed.

The first ten months at Madam Mae's went fine, even though Litia did not like the work. The money was rolling in, but things started to happen inside of Litia. She started feeling used. Nowadays Tony would just come home long enough to get the money and then leave to be about business.

Litia decided she would have him followed. If he was up to any tricks, she would kill him. Two months went by, and the private eye she had hired reported nothing - no strange activities other than the original pimp business. This didn't satisfy Litia. Something had changed. Why was he treating her like a stepchild?

Then it happened. One day she left Madam Mae's house early. When she got home, she saw Tony's and another woman's clothes all over the living room. She tiptoed up to the bedroom where she saw them sprawled out on a king-sized bed. Not thinking, she ran straight to the basement where the guns were kept, picked up a handgun, and ran up the steps. Kicking open the door, Litia fired two bullets into her lover and one into his lover. After her hysterics died down, she picked up the phone and called the police. She asked them to come to the apartment and bring an ambulance.

When the report came back, Tony was dead and his lover in critical condition with signs of surviving.

As for Litia, she got off the murder rap with probation and a promise to see a court-appointed psychiatrist.

This ode, this story, is a part of Litia's whole total-and-gonna-be world.

Angelic Carter
Duquesne

SUNDAY NIGHT IN SOME SMALL TOWN

The last show is over, and they're turnin' out the lights.
A sharp north wind's a blowin' in the chilly autumn nights.
October's almost over and, in most parts of the town,
Doors are closed and bolted, and the window shades are down.
While I'm packin' up my act, most other guys are warm
In local motel rooms or back home on the farm.
Each year I wonder what I'm still doing here,
The season's getting longer with every passing year.
But it's the only life I know after all these years,
Another performance and a smattering of cheers.
And I have a good advantage over many a cowboy friend,
Some golden hours of friendship and a paycheck in the end.
Sure I take some risks, and I've had my share of pain
But if I had it to do over, I'd be a RODEO CLOWN again!

James E. Correll
Waynesboro

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Christmas dinner: fresh turkey with Mom's own special fixings, delicious sweet potatoes, and home-made pumpkin pies!

All the family is there exchanging Christmas wishes, and complimenting Mom's cooking. In here though, you remember this and the meal here totally disgusts you! Bitterness creeps slowly to the top of priorities. You get so angry and depressed at the same time, you come inches from throwing your tray against the wall.

As the evening closes, I hear my children saying, "Thank you, Dad, good night, and Merry Christmas." But more than anything, "I love you Dad"! All I hear in here are these echoing memories, fellow inmates talking of the day, swearing at each other, as sad and bitter as I am. There is no family togetherness, no tree to sit by and decide which present to open next. There is no, "I love you Dad," or good-night kiss.

Last year, Mom and Dad came here to Western Pen on Christmas Day to see me. She squinted with hurt when she said, "Merry Christmas, Joe"! Dad's handshake and holiday wish were the same. To see and feel this and remember Mom's warm hug and kiss, Dad's tight warm handshake. I feel so sad again.

Mom and Dad try their best to see that Christmas is happy for me. They know I'm not merry or happy. I won't be happy till I come home again for Christmas day!

At 9 p.m. on Christmas day, I'm routinely locked in my cell. I sit down on my bed and I fight back the tears.

The day is over, and I feel like a failure because I'm not at home where I belong. And my biggest fear I've overcome once again. I made it through Christmas day at the Western Pen.

Eugene D. Murphy
Pittsburgh

THE BATTLE CRY

I've seen the pain.

I've heard the cry.

Then fought with death--

  and wonder why.

There seems to be a war--

  not fun.

Thank God, the battle's finally won.

I find myself not troublesome.

Gregg Berry
Uniontown

YOU, MY FRIEND

You, my friend, are a very special person.
I can tell you anything, anytime of the day or night.
You have seen me cry, and you have seen me laugh.

You, my friend, know all my fears, all my dreams. I feel safe with you. I know you'll never betray me.

You, my friend, tell me when I'm wrong and when I'm right. You make me laugh and see the funny side of life when I'm sad.

You, my friend, I can share everything with. All but one secret, that is. I love you. If I shared that secret with you, my friend, you would no longer be my friend.

You, my friend, I would lose. So I'll say not a word and keep you as my friend.

Millie Donovan
Titusville

THE MANY WONDERS OF NATURE

To Him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
Speaks a various language: for his
Gayer hours she has a voice of gladness,
And a smile and eloquence of beauty;
And she glides into his darker musings,
With a mild and healing sympathy...

from "Thanatopsis"
by William C. Bryant

Their height seemed endless as they reached upward to caress the deep blue heavens above them. They had strong, sturdy branches that only yielded to the authority of the wind. And in their stature, was pride and respect for the world around them. These trees, standing tall and upright, were a friend to all, and a foe to none.

Here, in these beautiful mountains, Ken could smell fresh green pine, rich deep earth, new-born plants, and blossoms wild, untended by human hands. It is here, unspoiled by man, that he knew the animals had freedom to care for their young and to enjoy games of frolic without interference.

In the quiet solitude of these pines, Ken understood the true meaning of peace and contentment. The soft whisper from their branches was like the gentle voice of a dear friend. It told him to be quiet and still and take time to listen. For all about him were examples in nature to teach him courage and wisdom in his trials of life.

Far above the tree tops, he caught a glimpse of blue sky and soft-white clouds. He watched in awe as the sun's rays burst through the branches of the trees. The sun's warmth surrounded him, bringing with it a soothing effect on his body and soul.

When Ken first came here, he was distraught and he felt unable to cope. But nature has a system that never fails short of its expectations. It has a gentle way of touching the soul and clearing a troubled mind.

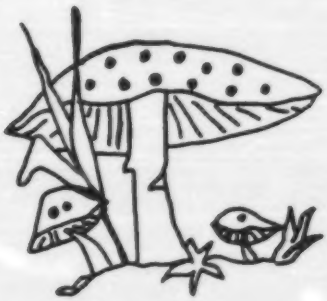
Everything here, in its methodical order, has its time and place to be born. It is a marvel to behold the glories of spring when things are new, fresh and green...the warmth of summer with its foliage abloom...the coolness of autumn painted in colors of red and gold...and the biting winds of winter when the world is covered with cotton-white snow.

It is by divine order that these trees spread their branches so that the birds in flight have a resting place and other animals can find shelter from the elements of the weather. Everything here has a purpose and a reason for being and "...is the order of the Cosmos and the Beauty of the World."

Standing here among the many wonders of nature, Ken's eyes were opened. He now understood, and saw that all life had a purpose and a reason for being. Perhaps now he could leave this place, but he told himself that he would be back. For there was something "...that lives in all things living, and dwells in the mind and soul of mind; something not fulfilled in physics which vivifies the dust and makes the dry bones live...", but something that was"...called in the Book of Creation and in the hearts of men...the 'Spirit of God.'

Ed. note: Author attributes quotes to Professor D'Arcy Thompson.

Lourene A. Stoops
Waynesboro



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A FRIEND LIKE YOU

I remember having a friend like you.
One who lifted me up when I felt blue.
One who was always true. I knew
That friend could only be you.
One who was always there for me.
Even when there was little time to spare,
Time when I thought you didn't care,
A friend like you was always there.

A. Marie Warren
Philadelphia

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PIZZA IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE FOODS

I like pizza when it is hot and the cheese is bubbling. Although one can burn one's mouth by eating it while it's too hot, I still like it this way best. There can be some pepperonis, mushrooms, and sausage on it to enhance the flavor. A glass of ice cold beer is just what it takes to highlight my favorite snack.

Mark Jordan
Harrisburg

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FIREMAN

My name is Richard Bare, and I am a fireman with the Keystone Company in Rehrersburg, Pennsylvania. This is a true story about the life of a fireman, better known as a firefighter.

We all know the danger a firefighter puts his life in, but I'm going to tell you about the glory and the horror of it.

I have been a fireman for about one year, and I have seen just about all of it. My first emergency was on a bright sunny day in April.

It was about 3:30 P.M., and I was out in the back yard. My mother was hanging up the wash. When I heard the fire alarm, I told my mother that I had to go. I ran up to the firehouse and jumped on the fire truck. They said we were going to an accident down from the mushroom plant. We got to the scene.

When I got off the truck, all I saw was a man lying at the side of the road about two hundred feet away from the car. We had a chance to save him, but he was too badly injured. Half of his face had been torn off, and the blood gushed from his temple.

We were told that he had been going around the corner too fast. His VW flipped over about two times. He was not so lucky. He had landed about two hundred feet from the car after flying almost one hundred feet up in the air. We covered him and the police came.

After a while a van pulled up and a guy got out. He created a hazard by acting like a crazy person. He started to pull the sheet off the body while yelling, "That's my brother!" He went over to the car and began to shake it. I felt sorry for him. We waited for the coroner to come. We got back about 4:30 P.M.

When I got home, I was still in shock. All of us firemen try to forget about accident victims - until the next time that we are called. And that will be soon.

Richard L. Bare, Jr.
Lebanon

MY POEM

I want to be smart. To learn something good. With the help of the teachers I surely would. To be in this world you've got to be smart right from the very start. So in my life time I'm going to learn. And nobody is going to stop me. So I'll never get burned!!

Eileen Lutz
Philadelphia

THE HELL HOLE

Inside this gloomy Hell Hole,
This roach infested place,
Lives a lonely man, forgotten
By all the human race.

No one cares about him
Except his mom or girl (who wants to be his wife),
Or a child he has fathered
And treasures more than life.

There's nothing here but sorrow,
All joy has passed away.
He still sees the memories of yesterday,
Memories that never fade away.

Somewhere on the outside,
Life is in full swing.
People out there should be happy,
Because they have everything.

So young men on the outside,
Please listen to my plea.
Obey the laws of mankind,
And don't be a fool like me.

Eugene Cole
Huntingdon

MY MOST MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS

In the spring of 1979, Mike and Cathy had a beautiful baby boy. Cathy had a few problems after David's birth, so she asked me, her sister-in-law, to help watch David and the other two children until she could get around better.

I watched David day and night. It seemed that all he did was cry. Mike decided to take him to the doctor to see if anything was wrong. The doctor found nothing. "Maybe he's cutting teeth," he said.

As the months went by, they made more visits to different doctors, but it always ended up the same.

One morning Cathy woke to the sound of David's crying. She went to pick him up and noticed that he was having trouble breathing. She called an ambulance. At the hospital they still didn't find anything wrong with David.

David had another visit to the doctor who finally referred him to the Hershey Medical Center. They ran tests and found that David had been born with a hole in his heart. He had to undergo open-heart surgery, and it was scheduled for the next morning.

The phone rang about 2 P.M. the next day. It was Mike. He said that everything had gone well, that David was fine except that he had to stay for two more weeks for observation.

Since everything was all right, we made plans to visit my grandmother. The day slipped by, and before any of us realized it, it was 7 P.M. The phone rang, and I answered. It was Mike I handed Mom the phone. "Hello, Mike. How are you?" she said.

There was a moment of silence. Mom said no more and handed the phone back to me. I said, "Mike, what's wrong?"

"Little David died," he said.

I could feel the tears develop in my eyes, and my heart felt as though it were in my throat. David had died two weeks before Christmas.

I will never forget the nine months of his life that I was lucky enough to share with him. All of the Christmas gifts that the family had bought for David were donated to the children of Hershey, but I couldn't part with the teddy bear I had bought for him. I keep it in my bedroom and occasionally wind it up and hold it. I remember all of the time I spent with David, and I will always remember his precious smile.

I will always love him. "Merry Christmas, little David. Your Aunt Vicky loves you."

Victoria L. Mickley
Waynesboro

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A YEAR OF LEARNING

1984 was a year of learning and personal growth for me. I achieved what I thought was an unreachable goal. Even now, I find it hard to believe.

Ninth grade was the last grade I completed. I was always ashamed of my limited education. But getting a GED was for other people; I didn't have the intelligence. I had no confidence, and I truly thought I had a learning problem.

When my marriage of twenty-five years ended, I had two choices. Give up or try. I chose to try. I knew I had to start at the beginning, and the beginning was the literacy program offered by the Mifflin County Library.

When I went for the interview, I was frightened because now other people would find out how "dumb" I really was. During the interview the director told me I didn't need this program; all I needed was self-confidence. I did benefit from this program, and with the help of two tutors, went through it faster than I had anticipated.

Next, the people from the literacy program encouraged me to think about getting a GED diploma. The director got me pre-GED books. Again with the help of my tutors, I started to study these. I was amazed; I was actually learning! My tutors told me that I was teaching myself.

In May I had an interview with the GED Supervisor, Carol Molek. What I had in mind was to get information about the adult classes and wait until fall to start; this would give me all summer to study.

That is not what happened. Mrs. Molek encouraged me to start right away; in fact, there was a class in session at the time, and she invited me to attend. I was hesitant, but I went. I'm so glad I did. It was wonderful! I enjoyed all the classes and was thrilled in finding out I did have a mind that could learn. In late June I got my GED - something I never thought would happen.

Everything I have accomplished has been done with the strong support, encouragement, and confidence others have had in me. I am thankful to them and also for the adult programs being offered. Studying for my GED was one of the most fulfilling times in my life.

Presently, I am doing volunteer work at the Lewistown Hospital Medical Library. It is my long-range goal to attend a two-year community college.

I would like to encourage other adults that it is never too late to get an education. Special people and adult programs will be there to help you.

Virginia E. Mowery
Lewistown

THE POND

As the sun was setting in the evening, I gazed down on the pond and saw deer grazing, racoons contentedly playing, and ducks paddling briskly in the water. As I stood watching the scene below, I could smell the aroma of the burning pine in the woodstove. I reflected on my life, which in turn was reflected by the water, and I considered myself lucky to end the day in such a peaceful way.

Ellen Truman
Titusville

MY DAUGHTER, THE GIRL GENIUS

At first I thought my daughter was a genius. She walked on her own at six months and talked in adult sentences before she was a year old. Everything seemed to come to her so easily. But once she started to walk, that was it! From then on it was "Every man, woman and child look out. She's coming through! " She ran, jumped, and climbed on everything, and into everything! No shelf was too high for that gal, and no lock was going to keep her out. She proved this many times. Two occasions come to mind. During each she climbed out her bedroom window onto the roof to clean the leaves from the spouting. Those were narrow escapes.

Her daily diet became an everyday adventure! A few delicious dishes consisted of cigarette butts, stones, coins, buttons, and snaps. Flowers, real or fake, were her favorite delicacy. Her favorite afternoon drink was dipping her cup into the blue toilet water, "Yum Yum" she would say.

By age two, I believe she thought she was superman, or she was planning her career as a sky diver. All her attemps at flying had us believing that even though no one in the world had ever flown, she would find a way.

When we thought we had made it through that stage in her life with no broken bones or serious injuries, the little scientist came forward. She loved to check out what things would fit where. First she discovered that chocolate chips, M & M candies, raisins and even peanuts, if she pushed hard enough, would all fit up her nose. Her favorite was how bubble gum fit so nicely into whatever she chose to put it in, like front door key holes, or heat registers. But the bathroom faucet? Ohhhh...this was her favorite of all!!

One night we were awakened by a loud noise. At first we thought our daughter had taken flight once again by jumping from the top of her dresser. Instead we found her experimenting with the food in the refrigerator. She had mixed up a real delight. It was a mixture of last night's spaghetti sauce, Tuesday's chicken noodle soup, Thursday's meatloaf and all the necessary liquids: milk, orange and grapefruit juices, Pepsi, and Koolaid. Over two dozen broken eggs, shells included, had of course been added; plus all the trimmings of mustard, mayonnaise, catsup, butter, jam, relish, lots of peanut butter and the finishing touches of ice cream and hot peppers.

My only wish was that she could have used a bowl and spoon to do her mixing, instead of her hands, feet and my newly waxed floor. When in my calm voice, I asked her what she was doing, she replied, "I'm making breakfast for Daddy." "He's bored with the same old breakfast day after day. It's time for something New." I could have killed my husband when he made that baby cry because he refused to eat her "New Breakfast Delight."

Dee Hartle
Titusville

DOLLY AND HER CHILDREN

It didn't bother me at first to know that I could not read as well as I wanted to because I had dropped out of school. But now I want to know for myself and my children so that when they ask Mom to help them with their homework, I can and I won't feel as bad as I did before. At first I helped my son and daughter with first and fifth grade homework. It started getting harder, so I knew then that I needed help.

It took me a while to have the courage to sit with a group of people just like me and to face the truth about myself. And it hurt a little to know that I have this problem.

My goal is to read the way I'm supposed to be reading. I don't feel ashamed anymore. I'm here with some of the nicest people I'll ever know with the same problem that I have.

Dolly Williams
Philadelphia

MY BIGGEST MISTAKE

This story dates back quite a few years. As a matter of fact, it happened back in grade school. That was when I lost all interest in school work. I was young and foolish, and didn't realize the value of an education. It seemed as though it would take a life time to finish school, especially after failing two years. As the years slowly drifted by, I became even less interested in school.

My only thoughts then were of girls, cars, and a good time. And a good time it was, until report card day. That was D-Day, another bad report card. I could see it break my mother's heart, and then came the lectures from my father. But the lectures had no effect, and my report cards showed it. Then in the ninth grade, I decided to quit school, but my parents were totally against that. The following year, after attending one month of tenth grade, I became seventeen years of age. That's when I made my biggest mistake and quit school. At the time, I figured I didn't need school. I wanted a job making big money. Soon afterwards, I realized I had made a mistake, but was too embarrassed to go back to school. So there I was, a young high school dropout working in a gas station, making minimum wage.

A year and a half and two jobs later, I married and started a family. The first five years, I worked two jobs just to make ends meet. Hoping to better myself, I was going through jobs left and right. With the size of the family increasing every other year, it wasn't getting any easier. I

worked at jobs for low pay and long hours just to get some experience. I managed to graduate to a better paying job, but I still had to work long hours to bring home a decent pay. It wasn't easy raising four children with the jobs I had, but that was my fault. I don't regret having a family; I only regret quitting school.

Until now, I never have had the time to further my education. Working all of the time made it impossible. Besides, I always thought it was too late, that I was to old to go back to school. Then, after getting laid off from my job a month ago, I decided maybe now is the time to get that education.

After checking into a local program and deciding that, at the age of thirty-five, it wasn't too late, I enrolled in this class to receive a General Educational Development Diploma (G.E.D.). From here I'll go to a trade school, and hopefully to a brighter future. I wish I had done this twenty years sooner!

James Bartko
Pittsburgh

NATURE'S WAY

It rained today
Lightning streaking
Across the sky
Like a steamed locomotive
Oh yes
The ducks did
Fly today
Sky full
Flying
As wings on a plane

Twelve-thirty no one's around
But us quackers
Abundantly filling this
Tranquil place
Called Nature

Quack Quack Quack Quack
The female mallard
Quietly hiding in a nest
Of three-foot cattails
Resting on her eggs

Decoys set out
On the water
Like the sign of victory
Constantly moving
Not one way
But many ways

Ah haa
I see
Inside the blind
Sit two gung-ho hunters
One as old
As the top of the record charts
While the other
Sits frozen to the spot
Unable to move
Knowing if he does
He'll crack like glass

Look three o'clock
To the right
Ol' buddy
I see them
Barely
For it's
Thanksgiving
Our first snow storm
Swearing to God
That we are in Iceland

Buzzzzzzzzzz
What in tarnation is
That there noise
Surely not a bee
Not in November
Why dummy
It's what's making
All those fake ducks
Move in all directions

Hey dummy
Go into the bird sanctuary
To scare the ducks
Out to me
But leave your gun

See that stick
Standing up in front
Fifty feet away
Ya What about it
I bet you can't
Hit it on the first shot
What you want to bet
You name it
Okay twenty-dollars
Easy money
Ready aim
Steady now steady
Gently release trigger
C-L-I-C-K!!

E. D. Murphy
Pittsburgh

HELPING CHILDREN COPE WITH GRIEF

The patterns of coping that we have established in various situations influence our feelings and behavior at times of serious loss.

Can you remember your first day at school or how you felt when you had to leave an old house for a new one? Most of us can recall losing a favorite toy or the sadness and finality of leaving behind something we cherished. And many of us, too, have had to cope with the death of a beloved pet. Each of us also has a different way of expressing our thoughts and feelings with our children - different words and actions that seem to suit us best.

My own father died just a few months ago. At that time, my son was seven years old. I had been going to school for my GED, but the loss of my father still was painful and difficult for me. My son, Paul, also had a difficult time adjusting to the loss of his grandfather. I remember many moments when I was uncertain about how to answer Paul's questions. I wondered what was the wisest way to include him in the funeral rites. How often I wished for the magic words that would make everything all right for him and make him smile again!

Looking back now, I can see it didn't matter. For me, the closeness and love and trust I felt with my mother, my sister, and my friends are what helped me the most. Not long ago, my son gave me insight into his concerns about this. It began when we were talking about my father's death. Paul asked in a very worried voice, "Mommy, if you died, what if Daddy got someone to take care of me who I was scared to talk to?" I was so grateful that this discussion gave him the opportunity to voice that particular fear! I was able to assure him that because we were the kind of family that really cared about talking, Daddy would certainly find someone that Paul would be comfortable with.

Children mourn. They feel sadness just as we do, and we all need to express that sadness in some way that is natural for us. Crying is one way. Many adults are reluctant to cry in front of their children. But if we try to hide our

overwhelming sadness, children may wonder if we are really sad, and whether it's all right for them to be sad. If crying is not comfortable for us, then we need to find other ways to say "I am hurting," and "I loved Grandpa, too." Grieving together gives us the chance to offer each other comfort. "We both feel sad, don't we?" "Even though we loved him in different ways, we can share some of the pain." "You're not alone in how you feel."

Children can also feel guilty. They may believe, "If only I had behaved better, he wouldn't have died," or "I gave him the cold that made him get sicker." So, there are no books that will do it for us, and there are no magic "right" words to say. It's the trying, the sharing, and the caring - the wanting to help and the willingness to listen - that says "I care about you." When children know we do care, even the most difficult things and the most difficult times are easier to cope with,

Theresa M. Ridge
Pittsburgh

"FREE INDEED"

All that we can do is just survive,
All that we can do to help ourselves is stay alive.
Ragged lines are ragged gray
Skeletons they lock away.
Shouting guards and smoking guns
Will cut down the unlucky ones.
I clutch the wire fence until my fingers peel,
A wound that will not heal,
A heart that cannot feel.

Hoping the horror will recede,
Hoping tomorrow we will be freed.
Sickness to insanity,
Prayer to profanity.
Days and weeks and months go by,
Don't feel the hunger, too weak to cry.

I hear the sound of the prison gate,
Time to hurry up and wait.
Is the Parole Board here?
Do I hope or do I fear?
Are we the last ones left alive?
Are we the only humans to survive?
Will we be freed?
The Lord said, "FREE INDEED"!

Rick Baney
Mercer

A CONCERNED PARENT

I am a concerned parent. I would like to talk about children and school. Most children go to school because they like to. But, if parents don't care about what their children are doing, and if the children know that the parents don't care, then they won't care either.

I have a five year old who goes to school. I keep track of what my child is doing. If I don't, my child would know that I didn't care. So I go up to the school and talk to my child's teacher. I find out what my child is doing in school, and I find out what my child's problems are. When a child comes home from school, he should have some homework, and usually it is what he did in school.

When report card time comes, most parents don't go up to the school to find out what their child is doing. It is very important that you meet with your child's teacher to discuss his or her school progress and adjustment. Most children go to school a whole year, and not one parent will go to the school. They don't know what their child did all year. And it happens every year. When the teacher says that parents don't care, some parents get angry with the teacher. But what is she to think? The parents didn't call the school to tell the teacher why they didn't come. The only time the parents go to school is when their child is being expelled. And that's the only time the teacher sees them.

It is very important that parents ask questions about what their children are doing. Usually, parents go to the school, get their child's report card, and listen to what the teacher says about their child. Some parents say that they are going to get with their child when they get home, but they don't.

I am not trying to tell you your business. There was a time when my own mother didn't go to the school. I am just trying to tell parents to see what their child is doing in school. So, go up to your child's school as much as you can. It's up to you to make sure that your child gets a good education.

Lois Thomas
Philadelphia

THEY TRIED TO SEND US AWAY

The boys and girls in the City of David went out to see Jesus. I was one of them to see him too. Our mother came with us.

We picked flowers to give to him.

On the way to the hillside, the twelve apostles told us to go home. "Jesus has no time for you."

So we turned around to go home. I heard Jesus say, "Let the little boys and girls come to me. Do not send them away."

We were happy to see him. He took my hand and blessed me and my friend also. I talked with him and he with me.

Some of us sat on his knee and around him to learn the stories he told to us. It was good to visit with him.

We also took our lunches and offered one to him. We were all so happy. We did not like to go home.

But after a while we went back home. We did not forget that grand day. I enjoyed it more than I can tell. I would like to see him again.

Wayne E. Peters
Lancaster

63

THE FORTUNE TELLER

I went to a birthday party. An interesting looking person came to me and offered to tell me my future by "reading" my palm. I agreed to let him do it. The fortune teller looked closely at my hand for a while and then told me what would happen in my life.

He started to tell me how I was going to live and about my health. The fortune teller looked at my hand again and told me about my marriage. He said I was going to have many problems because my husband was going to have an accident. When he said that to me, I didn't want to hear any more from him because I didn't believe that. I just believe that God only knows the past, the present, and the future.

I left quickly, went home, and prayed to God about that poor man because it is a sin to consult spirits, an abomination to God. We need to pray about and for those people because they don't know Jesus the way that we know him.

When I went to sleep, I dreamt about that man. I saw him suffering in hell. I tried to save him, but it was too late. When I woke up, I felt so sad. I thought that if I saw him again I would tell him about Jesus before it was really too late.

When I went to the store, I saw him and talked with him. I invited him to my church, and he agreed to go. I felt happy because I have much faith. Maybe when he hears the message, he will start to change his life.

Gladys Cordero
ESL
York

DARK WATERS

As deep as the night is black
As thick as a cow's cream
The channels of our mind we never drape
The depths of our soul we never challenge
Love in a forbidden form
Life with its tragedies
The sky on a moonless night
A tree that bears no life
But there's hope! There's light
And with this there are no more dark waters
No more dark and lonely nights.

Angelic Carter
Duquesne

'5

MY BEAUTIFUL SUNFLOWER

Early in the morning

I look out my window

to see my beautiful

sunflower

that has grown

so tall over night

that people come from

far and near

just to see my beautiful

sunflower.

Sharon Hopkins
Philadelphia

66

FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST

This is the story of my walk in life
When I met this Jesus Christ.
For to me His name was unknown
He said, "Come with me, don't walk it alone."
He said, "They're here for eternity."
They are here with you and me.
People don't ya' know, they're really close,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Pick up your cross and go coast to coast.
Tell the people of the three you love the most,
For they'll lead you through your troubles, through and through.
No need to look sad, for you know they'll pull ya' through.
When Satan comes into your mind,
There's only one thing to do at this time.
Go down on your knees and pray.
In Jesus' name tell Satan to get away.

Daniel P. Christman
Huntingdon

A SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP

When I was a child, my favorite relative was my grandmother. We both lived in Puerto Rico then. I saw her often, and we did many things together. We loved each other very much.

The first thing I can remember about my grandmother is the time I stayed with her in her home for a week. I remember that she looked very old and that she usually wore a black and white dress. Her hair was white, and her eyes were brown. She took me to many places such as the supermarket. We also went to see my other relatives in Rio Piedras.

Now, although I live in Pennsylvania and my grandmother still lives in Puerto Rico, she is still my favorite relative. Our relationship hasn't changed. We remain very close.

Irma L. Curet
ESL
York

LOVE POSSESSION

She waits at night

for the broken hearts

of men that walk by.

She tells them that

she can mend

their hearts.

But, oh, they

just don't know

that she is out

to possess

their souls.

Sharon Hopkins
Philadelphia

THE YELLOW FLOWERS

While walking in the woods one day, my attention was swept to a little yellow flower. This was a brilliantly colored wild flower that had seven petals. I reached down and picked one of them. I sensed a velvety texture and an exotic fragrance, one I had never encountered before. I picked a large bouquet of thes flowers because I had never before seen anything quite like them. My mother put them in an antique vase and placed them on the windowsill. They withered away to dust.

Mark Jordan
Harrisburg

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CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST COMPONENT
JUDGES' DECISIONS

GED Poetry

1st Place: Home Steel Home - John Myers, Mercer
2nd Place: Sunday Night in Some Small Town - James E. Correll, Waynesboro
3rd Place: Shelmadine Spring - Colleen Gail Patterson, Titusville
Honorable Mention: My Country 'Tis of Thee - Jim Groves, Uniontown
"Free Indeed" - Rick Baney, Mercer

ABE Poetry

1st Place: The Sampler - Susan Son, Allentown
2nd Place: The Hell Hole - Eugene Cole, Huntingdon
3rd Place: Love Inspired - Sharon Hopkins, Philadelphia
Honorable Mention: My Little Girl - Helen White, Philadelphia

GED Prose (Fiction & Nonfiction Combined)

1st Place: Another Purpose in Living - Lourene A. Stoops, Waynesboro
2nd Place: Helping Children Cope With Grief - Theresa M. Ridge, Pittsburgh
3rd Place: My Daughter, The Girl Genius - Dee Hartle, Titusville
Honorable Mention: Christmas Dinner - Eugene D. Murphy Pittsburgh
My Biggest Mistake - James Bartko, Pittsburgh

ABE Prose

Nonfiction

1st Place: My Most Memorable Christmas - Victoria L. Mickley, Waynesboro
2nd Place: A Day in the Life of a Fireman - Richard L. Bare, Jr. Lebanon
3rd Place: A Concerned Parent - Lois Thomas, Philadelphia
Honorable Mention: Dolly and Her Children - Dolly Williams, Philadelphia
I - Choleen Greene, Philadelphia

Fiction

1st Place: Litia's World - Angelic Carter, Pittsburgh
2nd Place: Too Cold - Kerry Ann Williams, Pittsburgh

POSTSCRIPT

The project coordinator/anthology editor of this Section 310 1984-85 Project received all submissions and selected, edited, and published those entries included in this anthology with the understanding that they were the original work of adult students enrolled in ABE, GED, ESL, and Basic Literacy programs sponsored by the Pennsylvania Department of Education. Although the students' fellows students and/or instructors may have read and commented on early drafts of each piece of writing, all of the adult student writers have signed a statement indicating that what they have submitted is the result of their writing, evaluating, and revising. They have accepted responsibility for and claim sole authorship of their entries.

George E. Rutledge, Anthology Project Coordinator
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